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Commencement Number

JUNE, 1906



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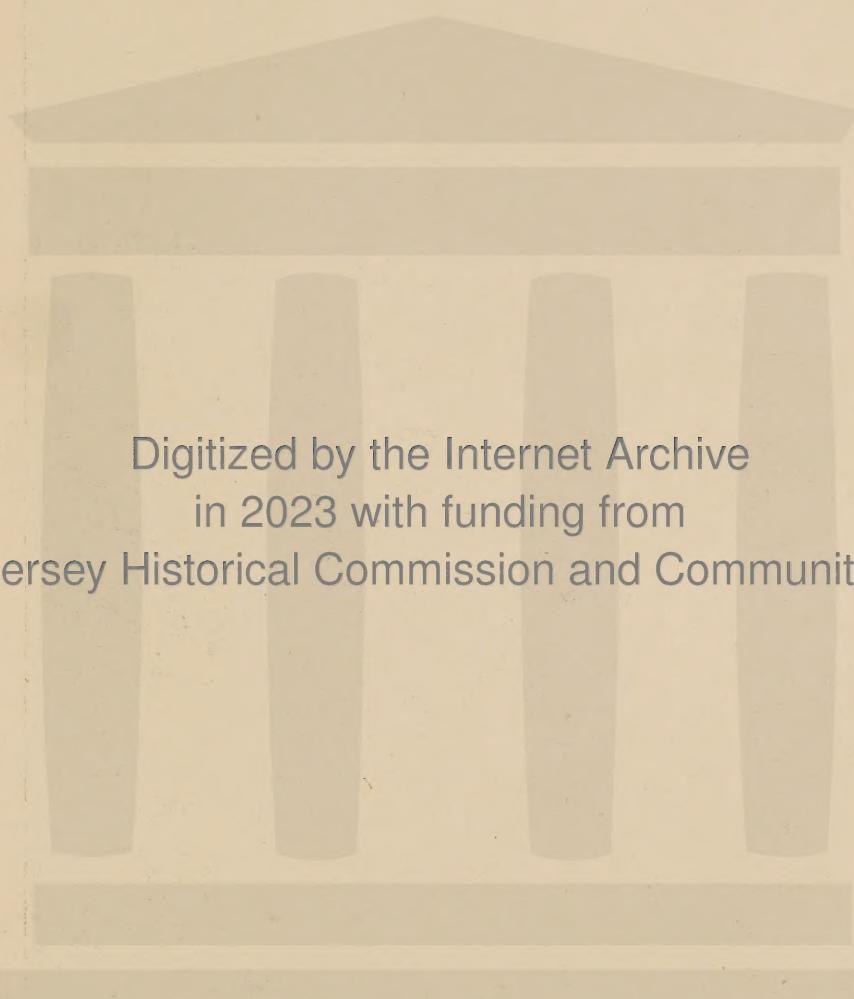
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CLASS OF 1906.



The ORACLE



"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

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JUNE, 1906.

NUMBER 8

To some of us the past year stretches back in long perspective. And yet we recall vividly those first September days when our ambition was strong, and our hopes high. Some have maintained that same ambition and those same hopes throughout the year, working toward the one ideal of success. These are the people who do things. Time does not dull the keenness of their enthusiasm. This commencement time means something to them. They feel that satisfaction which comes only from overcoming difficulties and proving master of one's self and circumstances.

Some have failed this year for the first time. For them we would call attention to Mr. Murray's speech, in which he said:

"Out of reverses often grows success." In school it lies simply with the individual; he may succeed if he will.

There are still others that have drifted along, not studying very much, but having a pretty good time, and who have eased their conscience with the hopeful belief that things would somehow come out all right in the end. As usual, June brings to them a rude shock. These people believe too much in their luck. One would almost suppose that repeated shocks of this kind would almost paralyze their trust in a god so unfaithful as Luck. Still, it seems this is not the case, for June is again upon us, and we notice some wearing that peculiar smile which always accompanies a bad "flunk." The "flunker," however, is not the one who goes about with a down-cast countenance, displaying the general aspect of discouragement. On the contrary, his most startling characteristic is his super-abundance of good humor. Perhaps this is an effort to hide his real feelings, and to persuade himself that his position is not so bad after all; or maybe his sense of the fitness of things prompts him to appear in that spirit which commencement demands.

Watch him at the graduating exercises. He is one of the heartiest applauders, and, when occasion arrives, one of the first to offer sincere congratulations. When the diplomas are being awarded, and the place is reached where his *should* be, you will notice, if you look closely, that his face grows thoughtful for a moment, and real regret and sadness are quite visible. One wonders then if he is thinking about his luck, and the good times he has had.

It is all over now, though, a delightful summer is ahead, and for a long time we need not worry about preparing lessons,—or, what is still worse,—going to classes with no preparation and listening with that eager attention which the unprepared invariably assume, pathetically unconscious of the fact that the wise never look so uncomfortably interested. It is all over—the honor man bears off his trophies amid hearty applause. May he continue an honor man. The ambitious man who has just missed his aim, passes on too. May he "win out" next time. And the "flunker,"—well, God bless him,—let him "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling."

After a year's vacation, Miss Cumming, Miss Ball and Miss Lovell will again be with us when school opens in September. They have a host of friends in the high school, and we are glad they are coming back.

With equal sincerity we regret that Miss Howard, Miss Lock and Miss Benedict, who have so admirably filled their places, will not be on the school faculty next year. They have worked with all the earnestness and enthusiasm possible, and their efforts will long be remembered with pleasure.

Two new teachers have been engaged for high school work for next year. Mr. Chester A. Mathewson will be assistant in science and Mr. Charles R. Bostwick will have charge of work in manual training.

Literary

(The George H. Babcock Prize Essays)

First Prize

The Terrors of a Storm at Sea

A Personal Experience

LILLIAN REED CRONKITE.

OUR destination was Cienfuegos, Cuba. We sailed from New York at one-thirty, on Saturday, October twenty-first, Nineteen Hundred, and arrived in Havana on the morning of the following Wednesday. Having missed the only train across the island, we were obliged to remain in Havana over night, using up the entire day and part of the evening with sight-seeing in and around the city. In the meantime, influenced by business men who could speak from experience, Father had almost decided to go to Cienfuegos by boat. It was said to be a beautiful trip, and the weather was extremely fair. After our rather rough passage from New York to Havana, my Mother and I were fearful of another, perhaps worse experience, and urged the land route; but Father, his health being poor, was especially anxious for the salt air, and although everyone admitted that in October it might be a little rougher than usual, still they had never known it to be really dangerously so. Therefore the question was finally decided in favor of the sea.

Leaving Havana by train on the following morning, we arrived at Batabano, one of the world's largest sponge markets, at about ten o'clock. There we were to take the Steamship Antinogenes Menendez for Cienfuegos. We witnessed a somewhat exciting spectacle on the wharf as Batabano. As they were loading steers, and as the passengers were obliged to go through the part of the ship where the animals were stalled, they were compelled to wait until all had been loaded before going aboard. By way of variety one unruly steer escaped. He tore around the open dock, scattering the terrified crowd, until after a desperate struggle he was captured and at last forced down the gangway into the hold. We were then allowed to board the steamer, passing through the aisle between those great beasts and up a narrow ladder-like stair-case, where we once more felt safe—for a time at least.

The Antinogenes Menendez sailed promptly at ten-thirty and nothing need be said of the day's enjoyment, except that it was as near perfect as possible. The sea, a beautiful blue, was as smooth as glass, and the air

unusually fresh and invigorating. We congratulated ourselves a dozen times during that eventful day that we had chosen the water route instead of the long, dusty, jolting ride on land. What if we were unable to eat more than one or two mouthfuls of that dreadful food at every meal? We could live on the air for one day, and by feasting our eyes on that magnificent expanse of sky and sea such as we had never seen before. So the day passed,—one long stretch of warm sunshiny enjoyment.

As evening drew near, it grew chillier. The waves became capped with white, and the ship actually rocked. At supper the dishes slid and danced about the table and it was quite impossible to keep one's feet upon the floor. That meal over at last, we once more sought the pleasures of the deck in anticipation of watching the moon rise over that great shimmering sheet of water. We were disappointed, however, and greatly surprised upon reaching the deck to find that there was going to be no moon, for the sky was heavy and black with threatening clouds; that the wind was becoming strong and cold, and that the waves were dashing quite high, causing the ship to roll very perceptibly from side to side. Our rising uneasiness was very soon quieted by a friend who was already pacing the deck. We had fortunately but very unexpectedly met him on the train that morning. He was travelling our way, with two other gentlemen, all acting as United States Postal Inspectors throughout the island. Their company, as friends from home, made it much more pleasant for us, who were strangers in a strange land; for we had already met with difficulties on our journey.

We sat for some time, watching the storm approach. The wind steadily increased; the waves dashed higher and higher; the ship tossed furiously from side to side, and it soon became impossible to hold one's position on deck. One by one, as they were seized with that fearful sea-sickness, the party disappeared, each to the seclusion of his state-room. Finally no one was to be found on deck nor anywhere about the vessel. The storm increased in fury with every moment. The old flat-bottomed Cuban ship, tossed like a child's sail-boat by the mighty wind and waves, threatened every moment to carry us to destruction. The dangers of the hurricane were increased two-fold by the fact that in all that distance, requiring a day and a part of the night to traverse, there was not a single light-house. No warning bell or light, along a coast of great jutting rocks with, still further beyond, beautiful but terrible coral reefs wickedly poking their sharpened edges above the rolling waves.

None but those who experienced it, can ever know the terrors of that night. The waves continually swept our decks, and as the merciless storm rapidly increased in violence, all hope—even our smallest ray of hope—was

lost to us. Even the Captain who had been our prop and encouragement steadily lost his courage as the wind and tossing billows gained control of us. Driven far out of his course and not knowing where he was, he was utterly helpless.

The agonizing cries of the suffering and terrified passengers reached our ears from every direction. We too were in a pitiful plight, for not even the stewardess was procurable; she also with all her experience was overcome and obliged to remain in her berth. It was impossible for any person to walk a step. We were violently thrown from wall to wall if we attempted it and so were obliged to crawl on hands and knees. The clothing on hooks in the state rooms dropped in heaps upon the floor; the water-bottles unceremoniously popped out of their racks only to smash on the floor while the contents ran in streams about the room and into our clothing. The steamer trunk was thrown noisily from one side of the room to the other, while with every dreadful lunge of the ship the crash of breaking glass and furniture in the dining saloon was fearful. As the vessel rolled, we too were shuffled about like egg-shells in a market basket. One moment, in our cane-bottomed berths, we were erect and on our feet; while the next, as she plunged in the other direction, we were literally on our heads.

Both the danger and the horror of the situation were greatly increased by the live cargo beneath us,—one hundred and fifty head of cattle and thirty-five hogs. Above the terrible tumult—the crash and roar—could be heard the wild yells of the men, whipping and prodding the poor beasts to keep them standing. The confusion of those moaning animals and desperately howling men, as they handled their spears and poles, is too weird for words to express, especially as our one flickering ray of hope that remained, rested with those poor struggling beasts. The board stanchions that formed their stalls were of the weakest, thinnest nature, and if those gave way, and the steers were all thrown to one side of the vessel, nothing in this world could have saved us; that however by a night of heroic labor was avoided.

As the night wore on, still swept on by the merciless storm, we lay in our berths too ill to care any longer and quite resigned to our fate. But hark! What was that? We were suddenly swept by a tremendous wave; the canvas deck covering was torn off to flap in the maddening gale and we heard a great rumbling—a terrible grinding that came from the very heart of the ship and shook its uttermost timber. Then all was silent—a horrible death-like silence. “Great God, we are going!” wildly came from a nearby state-room. Paralyzed by fear, yet not sure of our end, we dared not stir, nor breathe. Father, however, not willing to remain long in ignorance of the actual state of affairs, rose from his berth, managed to reach the window

and when able to pierce the darkness and find voice to speak he reported to us the wonderful, beautiful news of our escape from a watery grave. He had recognized the white tents of the United States Army post at Pasa Caballos and saw that we were within the entrance of the harbor of Cienfuegos.

It was a long time before we were able to realize the truth—that our lives were actually spared; that our absolute safety was really assured and that we were truly beyond reach of that surging main. But when the realization came, the passionate prayers of thanksgiving that went up from those people for that miraculous deliverance out of the very jaws of death, were surely heard by Him whose Power had saved us.

Exhausted with fear and suffering we were glad to be able to obtain a few hours of much needed rest until dawn, when we smoothly and happily sailed up the harbor to the wharf where many anxious watchers waited to hear our frightful tale. Twenty-eight steers and five hogs had been killed in that night of terror, being thrown and trampled on, while the rest were poor tottering mangled beasts that were unloaded the next morning. Even the passengers looked as though they had gone through weeks of torture and some had actually lost flesh in that one night.

The following morning the explanation of our sudden change from the angry billows to the death-like calm of the harbor came to us from the Captain himself. Not knowing where we were, he had not realized that we were anywhere near Cienfuegos, until suddenly coming upon the opening that he soon recognized. Then the great engine was nearly reversed and, as those heavy chains grated and turned, we were swung sharply around into a deep little cove at the mouth of the harbor, where all was calm and still.

Such was our frightful experience and narrow escape from shipwreck on that beautiful Caribbean Sea. We had sailed over the same historic waters over which Christopher Columbus had sailed on his second voyage to America; but the realization of that interesting fact and the remembrance of the enjoyments of that day did not return to us for a long time—not until the horrors of that long night had faded somewhat from before our eyes and left a space for the pleasanter circumstances of the voyage to appear.

Peddler—Madam, I have a fine collection of complexion beautifiers which—

Lady—No, you don't work any skin game on me.—*Ex.*

Little Girl (entering grocery store)—Ain't you got no aigs?

Grocer—I ain't said I ain't.

Little Girl—I ain't ast you is you ain't, I ast you ain't you is, is you?

Second Prize

Transplanting a Home

MATILDA SRAGER.

“How much?”

“Thirty-five copecks.”

“Mother of Heaven! Thirty-five copecks! It is not worth eight! I will give you twenty.”

“It is worth fifty! See how strong it is!”

“Strong! Holy Mary, do you hear that?” The woman gave the cloth a mighty pull, ripping it.

“That pull would rend an ox!” cried Slova indignantly. “The cloth is good cloth, worth much. You do not want to wear one dress all your life!”

“I give twenty-five. It is not worth that, although very pretty.”

“Thirty-five copecks.”

The woman, her snub nose pointing to the sky, laughed scornfully and marched to the door. Seeing that Slova did not call her back, she stopped, turned round, and began to bargain again. “Will you sell for thirty?” she asked.

Slova nodded, cut the cloth, and gave it to the woman, taking a handful of coppers in exchange. She put the money hastily away, lest her patroness should change her mind, then followed her out to the steps, joining in the common cry of the shopkeepers: “Come in my store, come in my store.”

Meanwhile her husband in the store was showing some peasants around, who jeered at everything in general, at the things he called attention to in particular, and bought nothing. Finally they waddled out, an awful mass of color from the flaming headshawls to the red, green, and yellow stockings. Dovid said something under his breath. In half an hour one more customer came in, who wanted some calico. After haggling, exclamations of Satan, bouncing in and out of the store, etc., they agreed about the price. The cloth was cut; the money (counted five times to be sure it was not too much) almost handed to Dovid when a party of her friends burst in. They looked at the calico; turned up their noses; spit at it to show their disgust; and rushed out, taking the customer with them. Dovid stood blankly in the empty store with the cut calico in his hand. Then he began to swear. Slova did not try to stop him, first, because she couldn’t, second, because it was rather a relief to her feelings also. First came the women, then their city, then Russia, and—the “Little Father.”

Slova gave a startled glance around. “Hush, man,” she cautioned, “do you want to sup in Siberia next week?”

"I shall soon go out of the Czar's power," he hinted.

His wife pretended not to hear. They shut the shop and walked home. The next day when they rode to Riga for new goods, a long, weary way in a springless cart, a shower came up, soaking them through and through. Seeking shelter, they went to a log hut near by, but were driven out because they were Jews. Dovid's temper was not cooled by the rain.

"A plague on these pigs!" he stormed. "May the cholera take them where they will not want for a fire!"

"Why only these? All are the same."

"They say in America it is different."

"They say, too, in America one can pick up gold in the streets!"

That was all the conversation till they reached Riga.

* * * * *

Some days after, while at supper, Slova was greatly startled. She saw Dovid had something to tell her, but was entirely unprepared when he blurted out: "Leizer and I are going to America."

"Going to America!" Slova did not believe her ears. "Art drunk or crazy, man? You are making a living yet, and so is the other *meshuganer*. What more can you want? Do you believe the silly tales they tell of America? It is the same here or there, only that the other land is godless and full of sin. You cannot throw our bread away; you cannot go."

"We are tired of this place. We want to go where we have a chance. Here it is from hand to mouth; there they all get rich."

"Truly! and leave me, and the children and forget us all, and forget your religion, and become an *opikouros* in that shameful land. No one goes there but those who are so low that they can go no lower. Show me one man of good family there that was not ruined here and you can go. You know there is none."

"I will send for you the very first year, indeed I will. Why not go? One land is as good as another: this is not Jerusalem."

Slova calmed herself. "You cannot go any way. There is no money."

"Sell the store."

"And I, and the children? How would we live?

"Make a smaller one."

So the arguments ran. In the end the man had his way. When the time came Dovid kissed his wife and children and rode away. He was happy, he knew he was; but somehow, there was a queer, dull pain in his heart. This was his home, the home of his fathers; they had lived, loved and died there. The people, too, were kindly, when not set on by church or state; and as he left it, he knew he loved it.

* * * * *

Slova was left with three children to continue the struggle for existence alone. Every day as she thanked God for her bread, she wondered where the next would come from. Winter came; the youngest child fell dangerously ill; every known trouble seemed to come upon her at once. Then she did the work of two, freezing in the store from dawn till dark, nursing the child in the night, tho' tired and weary almost beyond bearing. She sent piteous letters to her husband asking for help,—letters that wrung his heart because he had none to give. He was wandering in the streets, his stomach as empty as his pocket, not daring to look at food lest he should seize it, yet too proud to ask his friends for a meal. But she did not know.

The first year passed, then the cloud began to lighten: the child became well; Dovid got some work now and then. As the second year drew to its close small sums of money found their way across the Atlantic. Very small at first, coming irregularly, but afterwards every week, for Dovid had a steady job. And in the spring of the third year something else came, that caused the little store to be sold,—a ticket. Visits were made to kins-folk to say good-bye; everything was made ready for the journey. Slova's last visit was to her father's grave, where she fasted a day. Quite a crowd followed her to the wagon when they rode away, weeping. Slova sat facing backwards till the last home scene faded; then faced the front courageously.

The journey was like any other. She stole across the border to avoid paying twenty roubles for a pass; was put in a vile immigrant house in Germany, where they fleeced all her money away; then she was taken on board a ship which, the officials assured her, they had paid extra to get her in. The ship was little, leaky, and almost unseaworthy. They sailed twenty days, enduring untold agonies, while Dovid in America was nearly sick with anxiety. He had paid a great deal more than the ticket cost to insure his wife a quick ship. The last night on board Slova had a curious dream. Instead of the proud, stately city, she saw a little hillock, up which a path was running, strewn with ashes. Tho' greatly disappointed, she comforted herself with "Better a path than the wilderness I came from."

The next day, before breakfast, they were taken to Castle Garden, where Slova stood still in dismay. She had no money—the agents had taken care of that—for a telegram; while the children were crying with hunger, aggravated by the sight of the good things on the stalls around to be had for a few cents. Then she was told a certain man sent telegrams for nothing; so, going to him, she asked if that were true. He nodded, then said, "What is your husband's name?"

"Dovid Chan."

"Dovid Chan!" he roared.

Dovid, greatly changed, pushed out of the surging crowd, and hurried towards his wife. The man tried to stop him, but was swept aside; Dovid took his family towards the door. Again the official tried to stop and question him.

"Go to h-l!" he was told. He did not go, but he did not interfere any more. And Slova, thinking of the new home, murmured to herself, "Better a tiny path than a wilderness."

In Imitation Chaucer

ALUNCH-COUNTER ther was in thise schoole
 Down in ye basement, wher that it was coole,
 And her ye scholars ate with suche dinne
 As ne'er was herde at ye Tabard Inne.
 Ye hotte-dogges and ye egg sandwiches
 That on his traye eeche one quyk pitches,
 Eech maketh haste to be ye first in line
 That while ye grub holds oute he may dine.
 And he that by mischance doth come in late
 Is like to get nought but an emptie plate.

R. F. STRYKER, '06.

Twilight

WHEN the purple shadows are falling
 And the fire-flies swing their lamps,
 When the birds to their mates are calling
 From out of their leafy camps,
 I love to sit in the twilight
 And dream of a far-off land,
 While the moon unveils her silent face
 And the stars are lit by an unseen Hand.

"Tis a land of dreams and wishes,
 Only castles in the air,
 (Unseen and formed in silence),
 Yet all are wondrous fair.
 And in the rosy morning light
 I shall seek, but all in vain,
 For the dreams I dreamed in the twilight
 I shall never see again.

EVA M. ROGERS, '06.

Our Baby

WITH all his pretty golden curls cut off,
 With tiny suit in place of Russian blouse,
 With hands in his small pockets stalking round,
 The baby thinks he's oldest in the house.

I scarcely see him now, for all the day
 He runs about and has no time for me ;
 And he and other small boys at their play,
 Favor invaders not, as I can see.

But when the sun sinks down behind the hill
 And darkness covers all the land with night,
 I find our little man is baby still,
 And that his grown-up ways have taken flight.

For wearily into my lap he climbs
 And, looking up with dreamy eyes and blue,
 He begs for songs he's heard so many times,
 And oft repeated "Mother Goose rhymes," too.

He listens now just as he used to do
 When golden curls encircled his small head ;
 And when he's heard the old tales all anew
 He kisses me and scampers off to bed.

ELLEN H. ULRICH, '06.

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp—
 He isn't especially bright,
 He's often turned down, usually smokes,
 And frequently goes out at night.

Ex.

THE EDITOR'S REWARD.

"What do you get for all this work?"
 I was asked the other day.
 "Oh nothing at all but the thanks," I said,
 "Our glory is our pay."
 And straightway round the corner came
 Some classmates on the run,
 And, advancing toward my helpless self,
 Said, "Gee, this issue's bum."

Ex.

Thirty-Fifth Commencement

Program

PART I.

OVERTURE—Beautiful Galathia	<i>Suppe</i>
INVOCATION.	
REV. WM. S. HUBBELL, D. D.	
TONE POEM—"Moonlight"	<i>Moret</i>
SALUTATORY AND ESSAY—"A Deep Sea Mission"	
ELIZABETH CRANE WINTER.	
SELECTION—"George Washington, Jr."	<i>Cohan</i>
ADDRESS.	
JAMES H. CANFIELD, LL. D.	
WALTZ—"Loveland"	<i>Holzman</i>

PART II.

PRESENTATION OF REWARDS—	
MR. LEANDER N. LOVELL.	
SELECTION—"Dolly Dollars"	<i>Herbert</i>
ESSAY AND VALEDICTORY—"The Triumphs of Youth"	
GERTRUDE LAURA HUNTER.	
TWO STEP.	
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.	
MARCH—"Old Heidelberg"	<i>Mills</i>

SALUTATORY ESSAY

A DEEP SEA MISSION.

ELIZABETH CRANE WINTER.

WE are a prosaic people living in a prosaic age. From the humdrum monotony of our life of today we look back with wonder, incredulity, even, at the fairy-book existences of men of old. Truly, they make excellent reading,—Vikings, braving rocks and tempests in their rude ships; Crusaders, journeying over a weary stretch of continent to fight and die in a strange, far-off land; Knights and Palmers, Squires and Yeomen,—they lived when the modern world was young, when civilization was still in the making and there was much to be done.

Thus indifferently are we prone to relegate to the remote past heroism, self-sacrifice and uncomplaining service of our fellow men. But even this romantically unfruitful century may produce men worthy of a place beside any ardent Elizabethan or zealous sea-king. There are still wrongs to be righted and sufferings to be relieved, and there are still men fitted to undertake such tasks for the betterment of mankind.

We need not look so very far for illustrations to prove our text. Upon the desolate coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland a young Englishman is living out his life among the deep-sea fishermen and sparsely scattered settlers of those waste regions. For fourteen years Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, Oxford graduate and physician, has been ministering, summer and winter, to the destitute inhabitants of a bleak land. Summer and winter he has labored among them, striving to allay their suffering, to cheer and uplift them, and to give them a "fair chance" in life. And how well he has succeeded, only Dr. Grenfell and his people can fully appreciate.

Years ago, while still a medical student in London, Dr. Grenfell became interested in the work being carried on among the deep-sea fishermen of the western coast of England. He joined the staff of the Royal National Mission, and worked as only he can work to establish it firmly among the fishermen. When everything was running smoothly, and there were no more obstacles to overcome, his attention was drawn to the necessity for similar work in Labrador, and in 1892 he left England for Canada.

Labrador is a large country—larger than all England, France, and Austria put together. The interior, however, is practically uninhabitated; along the sea-board is scattered the constantly increasing population. In the summertime these settled members are increased by some twenty thousand fisher folk from Canada and Newfoundland. They, of course, must be cared for, too, when the "catch" is small, or an epidemic breaks out, and their attendance through the short but strenuous season sensibly increases the burdens of the physician-missionary. Fortunately, or not, as we may regard it, the season is short,—barely four months in duration. For the remaining eight months of the year Labrador is shut off entirely from the outside world. Then come the hard times; before the winter is over, most of the people are starving to death. For they are desperately poor, these Labrador fishers. To have enough tea, flour, and molasses,—their staple articles of food,—is, with them, to be in flourishing circumstances.

In the summer, at least, they have enough to maintain existence; but in the winter they have little or no employment by which they may earn a living, and their condition is pitiable. Even while the fishing is good, they never realize the half of what their labor should bring in to them. Unsus-

pecting and illiterate as they are, they are readily fleeced by unscrupulous traders, who practically own them before many years. After a hard winter they start handicapped. In order to secure the wherewithal to begin work, they must needs mortgage the prospective catch, and thus, living from hand to mouth, they are obliged to continue as long as there are fish to sell.

Such was the state of the Labrador coast before Dr. Grenfell's arrival. There was but one physician to be had—and his visits were few and casual,—a brutal creature, who as often as not refused to attend the people, succored them or left them to die, as the spirit moved him. Here was a condition of affairs sadly in need of reformation. And the man was not wanting. Dr. Grenfell came and immediately set to work, with an energy and precision which foreshadowed great things. In a short time there was a hospital established at St. Anthony on the coast of North Newfoundland, and the new doctor was known over some two thousand miles of sea-board. All his efforts were directed to the extermination of the race-plague—tuberculosis—which the insufficient nourishment and hard lives of the folk rapidly produced.

To gain his end, Dr. Grenfell must in some way better the physical condition of the people, else his work would be totally useless. As a first step, he determined to release them from the bondage in which they were held by the traders, and to abolish the iniquitous "truck" system, as it was called. So he started a co-operative store. This succeeded so well that now there are eight or ten more scattered along the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, and the people are in much happier circumstances than ever before.

But the assistance of the fishers during the winter was a matter of much concern to the missionary. Little could be done for them, as they scattered as soon as the cold weather fell, in the hope of being able to trap a few fur-bearing animals. Thus widely separated as they were, nothing could be done to educate the children. The problem then was, to provide for the men employment which would bring the families together into a small community. But what problem could Dr. Grenfell not solve? Taking up a large grant of government land, he had soon built a saw-mill, gathered the people about it, giving them plenty of work for the terrible winter time, and provided a school for the children.

But quite as important as these medical and missionary stations are the movable ones in which Dr. Grenfell patrols the coast, bearing with him health and cheer. In summer he carries on his work by means of his little steamer, the "Strathcona;" in winter he visits every accessible corner of his territory in his dog-sleigh, dubbed the "Lend-a-Hand."

The "Strathcona" sails up and down the coast from St. John's to Cape

Chidley, stopping at the various missionary stations, the three hospitals and the Orphan Asylum, and answers calls from all quarters. No weather is rough enough, no gale too strong to keep the "Strathcona" in harbor when a call comes for help. Seas that appall the staunchest of the Labrador fishermen, tempests that fairly lift the ships from their anchorage—nothing is too formidable for this daring missionary. By the natives he has long been regarded with tolerant amusement as a gentle lunatic, whom Providence preserves miraculously from destruction. Mr. Norman Duncan, who visited him on board his little vessel during a most perilous trip says:

"Doubtless he enjoyed the experience while it lasted—and promptly forgot it as being common-place. I have heard of him caught at night in a winter's gale of wind and sleet, threading a tumultuous, reef strewn sea, his skipper at the wheel, himself on the bowsprit, guiding the ship by the flash and roar of breakers while the sea tumbled over him." Mr. Duncan says of a friend who was with Dr. Grenfell on this trip: "If the chance passenger who told me the story, is to be believed, upon that trying occasion the Doctor had 'the time of his life.'

"All that man wanted, I told the Doctor, was, as he said, 'to bore a hole in the bottom of the ship and crawl out.'

"'Why,' exclaimed the Doctor with a laugh of surprise, 'he wasn't frightened, was he?'"

The "Strathcona" is the fifth boat which Dr. Grenfell has had since he began his work on the Labrador. All the others have succumbed to hard usage on "the worst coast in the world." The Doctor's disregard of storm and surf has given rise to a new proverb among the fishermen. When the wind blows an exceptionally stiff gale and the sea looks particularly hostile, they say, "This will bring Grenfell." And it usually does.

All through the long, desolate winter Dr. Grenfell makes his untiring trips on his sledge, the "Lend-a-Hand." Drawn by a dog-team, over ice and snow, in bitter cold, he never hesitates for an instant to start out whenever he is called upon. In a letter written to a contemporary periodical, he says:

"We have already been over six hundred miles with the dogs. I had a long trip to a place seventy miles away to set a broken arm. Fortunately, or, I may say, unfortunately, I had forty other patients along the route. Thus, on my second southern trip to a place about sixty miles distant, to fetch a person back for operation, we were away thirteen days and saw seventy sick folk."

In another article he tells most graphically of a typical trip which he made during the winter. Called to the bedside of a dying priest many miles away, he prepared to start immediately on his long journey. He was just

on the point of setting out, dog-train before the door and driver merrily cracking his whip, when an urgent summons was brought him to attend a small boy who had broken his thigh. "Johnnie's" sufferings relieved and his injured limb plastered in a plaster cast, the doctor hurried forward to his first patient. As they were hastening past a wretched little hut in the wilderness of snow, the Doctor was again hailed and asked to look into the condition of a poor little orphan girl, half dead from starvation. He found the child wrapped in rags and laid on the floor of the shanty, a pitiful spectacle. The little one was ministered to and the Doctor set out for the third time, finally reaching his destination in spite of delays and appeals.

Such is the life of Dr. Grenfell. And does he regret the other life in the outside world which he has given up? Does he realize how great is the work he is doing? Perhaps he best answers himself. "I am no martyr," he exclaimed impatiently to a friend who put to him a like question. Indeed no. He is a healthy, hearty, humorous man, eager to get out of life all there may be in it for him, rejoicing boyishly in the risk and the danger, glad of his freedom, always merry and brave, cheerful and strong. His ideal of existence seems to be expressed in the words he so often uses: "The great joys of this life are its opportunities for service."

VALEDICTORY ESSAY

THE TRIUMPHS OF YOUTH.

GERTRUDE LAURA HUNTER.

THREE is one respect in which the aging world and the aging individual are alike. With each the limit of usefulness advances as each increases in years. The boy who at ten considered the man of forty as ready for the chimney-corner and Taylor's "Holy Dying," himself at forty is carrying a banner of red or orange or blue to football matches, and is splitting his throat over valorous deeds on the diamond or gridiron. So it is with the world. Part of it elected a "young" man of forty-three to the presidency a year or so ago, and insistently spoke of his youth in connection with such a position of trust. Over a century ago, however, William Pitt, a man twenty years his junior, was managing the office of chancellor of the exchequer, becoming premier of England at twenty-three. We are in the habit of referring to Alphonso as "the little king of Spain," imagining him with the curls and the broad white collar of infancy. It would be safe to say, however, that when the world was younger, nobody regarded the eighteen year old Alexander as "the little prince of Macedon."

Whatever the world may regard as the limit of youthfulness, however,

there have been prodigies and triumphs of youth in every age. The roll-call of youth in the days before the term included almost all ages under the allotted three-score-and-ten was a remarkable one. Its names were splendid and inspiring, from David the shepherd boy, who began his history as king at eighteen, to Chatterton, the poet, finishing his tragic chronicle at the same age; from Alexander of Macedon, ruler of all the eastern world before he was thirty-three, to James Watts, the Scotch peasant boy of eighteen, who made possible our wonderful steam engine; from Napoleon, sweeping western Europe at twenty-seven, to Raphael, finishing his deathless work at thirty-seven; from Charlemagne, master of a nation at thirty, to Shelley, master of poetry at twenty-one.

So the list runs, emphasizing more particularly warriors, statesmen, and poets, the most prominent of whom established their right to the name of great before the age of twenty-five, and many of them when not yet out of their teens.

The stories of the world's famous warrior-youths are especially interesting. Possibly the most picturesque of all is that of David, the shepherd boy who came down from the hills of Judea, where he had tended the flock and watched the courses of the stars, to become champion of his people against their Philistine enemy, Goliath. "A youth, and ruddy and of a fair countenance," he was, yet "he prevailed over the Philistine—and slew him."

A story of wonderful power is that of Alexander, world conqueror. It seems almost impossible to account for the boy who pressed from victory to victory throughout the known world, who subjected kings and nations to his will, who knew nothing but triumph and the lust of triumph all his life, and who at last sighed for more worlds to conquer.

Not only has the military world produced youthful leaders, but political circles also have exhibited precocious geniuses. English history has given us William Pitt, the second Earl of Chatham, whose useful genius displayed itself with an almost unnatural precocity, and whose influence was greater than that of his king before his twenty-fifth year. By the side of Pitt we may place his rival, the celebrated Charles James Fox, whose talents were developed so early that he was elected to Parliament when not yet twenty, and who at twenty-one was a lord of the admiralty and a sharp thorn in George III's side. Our own America has produced such statesmen as Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, and Thomas Jefferson, who, while still comparatively young, helped to win for their country the independence which she has since been cherishing.

Then, too, there are prodigies of youth in the literary world—men who gave to the world some of the finest works in literature before the age of

"the sere and yellow." One of these was Thomas Chatterton, who was destined never to know of his triumph. Chatterton claimed to have found in the Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe some poems which he ascribed to a priest of the fifteenth century. It was later discovered, however, that the poems were his own, but it was not until after the poet, tired with the struggle for existence, had committed suicide, in his eighteenth year. Chatterton's poetical work is among the permanent treasure of the English language.

A trio of youthful poetic prodigies is composed of John Keats, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Lord Byron. From Keats we have the "Endymion," written at the age of twenty-two; Shelley has left "Queen Mab," which appeared when he was only twenty-one; and Byron wrote his "Childe Harold" at twenty-four. What literary masterpieces might have been the production of their versatility can hardly be estimated. All three of the poets died before completing their work.

The most wonderful of all youthful geniuses, however, must be placed in a separate class. It is she whom the world knows as Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, she who defied courts and judges, she who, best of all, was the purest of Christians. It was a triumph of the rarest sort when, a girl of eighteen, she took the city of Orleans; it was another triumph as she calmly and wisely and unanswerably furnished her own defense in the faces of some of the world's best jurors; it was a triumph, too, when she lay down her life at the stake, a short time after, in the streets of Rouen. If there have ever been prodigies of youth, Joan of Arc is the first.

What has been the influence of the lives of these geniuses upon the world we cannot tell with any degree of certainty. What can be their influence upon our individual lives is for each of us to decide. Like them, we must go forth into the world; like them, we must choose our careers. It may be that from among us, this class of 1906, unimportant in the eyes of the world, will arise geniuses such as those whom I have mentioned. It is not for us to know now. But it is enough for us to know that, whatever be our destination, we have the inspiration of all that is good in the past, and the will and determination of the present to succeed.

VALEDICTORY

Classmates—The time has come for us to say good-bye. The time has come for us to leave the life which has been such a happy one for us all. We are parting now from the friendships that we have cherished so dearly in the years that are gone. We are entering that broader life which must come to us all, that field which separates friend from friend, which sends us into ways that are far apart.

All this has been said before, classmates, many, many times. Does the word "good-bye" mean anything to us? Is there one of us who hears it merely as the barren expression of the formality of parting? I think not. Common as it is, we must all realize its deep significance, and that realization must have cost us all a parting sigh during the past few weeks.

In a few hours the class of 1906 will have passed out of existence. In a few hours each of us will be starting on one of those separate ways. Good-bye, classmates, I say it with all sincerity. Yet not farewell forever—simply, *Aufwiedersehen*—"Till we meet again."

AWARD OF PRIZES

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

The George H. Babcock Prize, given by Mrs. George H. Babcock.

First Prize, Lillian Reed Cronkite.

Second Prize, Matilda Srager.

Honorable Mention, May Titsworth Hallett, Lena Bohan.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

A prize offered by the Continental Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Prize, Five Dollars in Gold, Benjamin Edward Herrmann.

Honorable Mention—

Christella Frances MacMurray, Laura May Baker.

MATHEMATICS.

The Dr. C. H. Stillman Prize, given by Mrs. J. K. Myers and Mr. William M. Stillman.

First Prize, \$15.00 in gold, William Hicks Osgood.

Second Prize, \$10.00 in gold, William Crawford Douglass.

TRANSLATION PRIZES.

For the best translation of assigned passages, a first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars, to be expended in books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

Modern Languages. Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman.

Senior French.

First Prize, Elizabeth Crane Winter.
Second Prize, Gertrude Laura Hunter.
Honorable Mention, Ellen Holmes Ulrich.

Junior French.

First Prize, Frederick Martin Smith.
Second Prize, Marjorie Mae Brown.
Honorable Mention, Helen Johnson.

Junior German.

First Prize, Rose Siegal.
Second Prize, Joseph W. Gavett, Jr.,
Honorable Mention, John DeLancey Ferguson.

Sophomore German.

First Prize, Esther Barton Crampton.
Second Prize, Hazel Gardner.
Honorable Mention, Gertrude Laura Hunter.

Latin Prizes. Given by Mr. Alexander Gilbert.

Vergil.
First Prize, Antoinette Lucy Aalholm.
Second Prize, Elizabeth Crane Winter.
Honorable Mention, Ellen Holmes Ulrich.

Cicero.

First Prize, John DeLancey Ferguson.
Second Prize, Rose Siegal.
Honorable Mention, Queena May Tillotson.

Cæsar.

First Prize, Esther Barton Crampton.
Second Prize, Roy Clifton Whitall.
Honorable Mention, Marjorie Mae Brown.

COMMERCIAL PRIZES.

Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman.

A first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars, to be expended in books.

Bookkeeping (First Year.)

First Prize, Walter Edward Knowlton.
Second Prize, Francis Parsons Wilcox.
Honorable Mention, Mary Mathews.

Typewriting (Beginning.)

First Prize, Charles Henry Line.
Second Prize, Eleanor Ackerman Thompson.
Honorable Mention, William Talbot Lambert.

Stenography (Beginning.)

First Prize, Donald Cameron Mortimer.
Second Prize, Leslie Edward Palmer.
Honorable Mention, Eleanor Ackerman Thompson.

Advanced Stenography and Typewriting.

First Prize, Clara Evelyn Hallard.
Second Prize, Mildred Vera Caleen.
Honorable Mention, James Malcolm Davis.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Given by Mr. L. N. Lovell.

Green's History of England.

Prize, Margaret Virginia Leggett.
Honorable Mention, Nettie Garretson Stillman, Harriet Clarke Knox, David Rogers.

Owen Moore came to town one day,
Owen Moore than he could pay ;
Owen Moore left town next day,
Owen Moore.

Ex.

YEAR BOOK - - - *CLASS of 1906*

Chairman, BENJAMIN E. HERMAN.

Committee, GERTRUDE L. HUNTER, ARTHUR S. WHITNEY.

Senior Class Day

Class Poem

Up, gentle Knight, gird on thy shining sword;
Thy vigil thou hast watched; forth to the fray!
Thy mettle in thy Master's cause display,
Thy valor in the service of thy Lord."

The King hath spoken; low his servant bends,
And hastens to do the thing his Lord commands.
His gleaming arms he dons with eager hands,
And gayly from the castle gate descends.

Before him stretch the tender fields of spring,
Warmed by the climbing sun of early day;
And louder, as he hurries on his way,
The echoes backward sounds of tumult fling.

Straight through the struggling host of friend and foe,
With sword unsheathed, and helmet proudly high,
His hand untired, undimmed his ardent eye,
The Knight, full brave in youthful strength, doth go.

And some they staunchly stand, and some they fall,
Unnoted, while the battle stills roars on;
Here these have lost, there those the conflict won;
The day wears on in ceaseless strife for all.

His helmet gone, his arms no longer bright,
The Knight yet plies his sword with weary thrust:
His garment all befouled with blood and dust,
No pageantries to battle now incite.

A cruel wound is sapping at his life,
Sore tempted he to leave the doubtful fight,
To snatch a single hope in coward flight,—
But still he presses onward in the strife.

Nay, now, my gentle Knight, thou sure must cease ;
Another thrust, and thou art pale and still ;
Thou seem'st with buoyant life no more to thrill ;
Thou wert a noble Knight : mayst sleep in peace.

Up to the castle gate they bear him. Yea !
The door is opened. Steps the Master down.
"My noble Knight ! receive thy victor's crown !"
And in His arms the drooping Knight they lay.

—ELIZABETH CRANE WINTER.

Senior History

HAVING undertaken the somewhat stupendous task of narrating the glorious achievements of the class of 1906, the historian begs a few moments of your time and attention, and craves your indulgence toward anything which may seem incredulous to you.

Do you remember, classmates, the feeling of awe which we felt upon entering the old High School building and gazing with unspoken admiration at the Seniors of that year? How high and mighty we felt as Freshmen, and would it be possible that we should some day reach the position of a Senior? With the expectancy of some day being upperclassmen, we toiled on through four years of school life, and we are here tonight with no apologies for our class, and nothing but feelings of pride for old 1906.

After we had become used to the run of things at the school, we decided, as Freshmen, to make a name for ourselves. In our first year we made a reputation in scholarship and—but who can blame us? We had to relieve the monotony of deep study—a characteristic of 1906. We were dubbed "slow" by other classes then in the school, and so we have been living to vindicate that accusation. Whether or not we have succeeded the historian leaves to those members of the faculty who had an acquaintance with us. At Christmas of the year 1902, we were remembered by the Sophs with little beds on which were pasted some little verses. The verse read :

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes the young Freshie good-natured and wise."

Probably the Sophs were sorry they had not received a reminder of the same sort, so they could have possessed that last virtue, and were taking pains to see that we should not suffer that deprivation.

Our Sophomore year was the first one of vindication of the aforementioned accusation. We resolved to live so that by our fruits they should know us, and I think that we are quite well known. We are the first class to give three highly successful plays, and the first to give a play in our Sophomore year. Our notable production was, "The Ruggles in the Rear," and this work foreshadowed our great dramatic powers. The "Amen Corner" in Miss Lovell's Latin room was the work of a pupil of 1906. There it remains to this day.

The Junior year of our school existence was a continuance of our dignified example to the other classes. But one class remained who dubbed us slow, and I imagine that they thought otherwise after we had been there three years. Who pinched nearly all of the Seniors' feed on the night of the Seniors' banquet? 1906. We were gradually nearing that goal now growing distinct—Seniors. Our dramatic powers were further exemplified in this year by our successful production of Tennyson's "The Princess." This play was the hardest thing ever attempted in the dramatics of the school, and was remarkable for its elaborate staging and dignified acting. The success of this production is due to our coach, Mr. S. B. Howe, Jr. Something happened in this year which startled that very sedate class of 1905. Those unconquerable Seniors were conquered for once. They had planned to have a big banquet and had borrowed a front door key (to the school.) About six o'clock that slow, sleepy class of 1906 got into the building and securely fastened every entrance. About seven o'clock, after we had securely wired the front door, a step was heard coming up the front steps, a key turned in the lock, and there was a vigorous pull followed by an exultant cry of "Stung" from within and a yell of rage from without. After being made the butt of many taunts and other things—water included—they begged to be let in. We agreed on condition that they go down town and get a lot of extra feed. This they did and a general jollification followed. A pleasant event of this year was our strawride, followed by a spread and dance. Christmas rolled around and we went calmly to the platform to receive our roasts and in return for the shameful way we were treated, we gave the Seniors an elaborate banquet. The way some of them ate was terrible. They looked as if they had never had a square meal before.

And now we are Seniors, almost an unbroken class, with a couple of additions to our number. One of these additions is from "Johnny Bull" land, and you may be certain he faithfully carries out all the traits of a loyal

Johnny. For a long time there had been rumors of a new school and we had even expected to have a year in it. We got but four months, and are thankful for that. We are the first class to hold our class day exercises in this building, and we are glad to have such a nice place to entertain our friends. Our dramatic power was again in evidence when we gave our Senior play, "The Nephew as Uncle."

The originality of the class of 1906 was shown at Christmas in the bee-hive idea. After we had treated the Juniors in a most hospitable way, they returned the treat in the form of a fine banquet.

And now in leaving, the class of 1906 utters its heartiest wishes for the prosperity of the Plainfield High School and every one connected, and in making its farewell, says:

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still forever, fare thee well."

G. M. R., '06.

A Letter From Satan

To the Class of 1906, Plainfield High School.

MMR. TRAVELL has just sent word to me that this class is the worst that ever entered the High School, and after graduation he will send the whole class, except a few, down here for punishment. Now I don't want the goodies down here, that is the people who never did anything, but if one of a class sins the whole class is to blame and so I suppose I shall have to take all kinds. I have made arrangements in the following manner:

We will put Russell Stryker, Ruth Bullock, Mary Conover, Christella MacMurray (bless her heart), Alice Sawyer and Elizabeth Winter under the tutelage of Socrates and Cato, who will make them study twenty-five hours a day to make up for lost time.

Next we will put the fussers' squad, composed of Antoinette Aalholm, Sadie Coyle, Joe Gavett, Malcolm Davis and Harold Todd, in the dark room where their hands will be chained together, and they will be compelled to talk to one another twenty-three hours a day.

Joe Jones will take a course in geography in order to learn the location of certain places.

Robert Rugen will have to light the candles for extra heat.

Now I come to the bunch that will catch it the hottest. I would rather see a person good than indifferent. Too bad, isn't it, that they will have to fight with molten cannon balls. Here is the proposed list: Avis Aldrich, Lena Bohan, Florence Cooney, Antoinette Hill, Miriam Horton, Cora

Ricketts, Eva Rogers, Ruth Thompson, Ellen Ulrich, Kate Huntington, and Anna Shepard. All girls, too.

The boys are mostly bad or have some other trouble, but none are indifferent.

The two Demarest girls will constantly be placed near an alarm clock which will time them until they can run a hundred yards in five seconds.

Hazel Gardner will be the suburban letter-carrier.

May Hallett will be taught the Spanish language, so that when her soul transmigrates she will be right there with the goods.

Bertha Hill and Anna Rafferty will take turns in running the high-class minstrel show.

Ethel Boice and Katherine Garretson will aid in the construction of a typewriter that can run one hundred miles an hour.

Ethel Murray will take lessons from "Beezlebub's" brother on how to raise blonde hair.

Gertrude Hunter will have to speak three hours every day on classical subjects, in payment for being valedictorian.

Now I am up against a tough proposition in tackling some of these boys. Clarence Heaume will have to be taught the difference between the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King." Benjamin Herman and Leslie Palmer will have to count money and tickets every night in the week and figure how they can bring Hades where Heaven is. Philip Leichtentritt will have to carry all the receipts home in the loop the loop automobile, and make good for any money that drops out of his pocket while in this performance. O my gracious!

Abie Rubenstein will have to parade back and forth before a row of laughing mirrors.

I will put George Rittenhouse, Milton St. John, that little witch Louise Klein, and those two Freeman boys, one of whom will catch it from his namesake, in the hottest place here. I believe they are the worst in the class.

Well, good-bye, and if there are any alterations, wire me by Messrs. Burr and Whitney's new pander-wake-and-brake, inter-planetary and inter-solar telegraph system.

Yours heatedly,

SATAN.

Teacher—"Express in a few words this sentence: 'Mr. and Mrs. Flood drove up to the door of the house and stopped. Mr. Flood then threw down the reins and helped his wife alight. Then they entered the house.' "

Pupil—"The rains descended and the floods came.' "

The Prophecy

MRS. FAY enters and takes her place in front of the pupils, while Mr. Fay blindfolds her eyes and covers her with a silk sheet, explaining meanwhile that if each person in the class will concentrate his mind on one particular question, Mrs. Fay will answer it for him.

"First and foremost among the names which come to me is that of Leichtentrift. Mr. Leichtentrift is thinking, 'Shall I ever become famous?' Are you not, Mr. Leichtentrift? I see before you, Mr. Leichtentrift, a long career. You will begin by making public speeches. People will come from all parts of the world to hear you debate. Pretty girls will fall in love with you, but you will scorn them all. At last you will become the leader of the Democratic Party and President of the United States.

"A little more concentration, please. Ah yes—Ellen Ulrich, I think is the name. You are dreaming rosy dreams of an artistic career, Ellen. Soon these will be realized. I see you in a long gingham apron with a can of Jap-a-lac and a white-wash brush, giving your neighbor's hen-coop a coat of pea-green paint. Keep it up, Ellen, and soon the world will hail you as a female Raphael.

"A name comes to me from my left. B-o-i-c-e, Boice. You have written on your card, 'When shall I get *back*?' Why, Miss Boice, you have got *back*, so far as I can see.

"The question now comes to me from a Mr. Stryker on my right. 'What will my future occupation be?' Am I not right? A vision comes before me of Mr. Stryker, a professor of Anglo-Saxon in a University at Podunk, N. J.

"Is there a young lady on my right that bears the name Rafferty? You have written on your card, 'Shall I ever become an author?' Have you not? You will publish many books, Miss Rafferty, but the only ones which will take will be 'Questions to Kill Time in History Class,' 'The Woman's Declaration of Independence,' and 'How to Cultivate Small Feet.'

"A thought is reaching me from a young woman named Demarest,—ah yes, Lillian Demarest. You also are asking me what your vocation in life will be. Well, Lillian, I see clearly a bar of music and a blue bonnet from which I have no hesitation in saying that you will become the alluring soloist in a Salvation Army band.

"There is a young lady on my left who is sending me the name of Coyle, C-o-y-l-e. Sadie is your first name, is it not? Well Sadie; I cannot quite make out your thoughts. Your mind is wandering. The main word that comes to me is c-r-u-s-h, crush. O yes, you wish to know how many new

ones you will get this summer. If I had more time I would count them for you, but I must proceed.

“Somebody in the audience is taking notes. Will he please stop. Rubenstein is the name. Do not worry, Abe, you will have all the rest of your eventful life in which to gather reporter’s notes. After a brilliant career as dramatic critic of the Netherwood Yellow Terror, you will be sent as special correspondent to St. Petersburg, where, alas, you will meet your fate. While endeavoring to get a picture of the Czar at the precise moment when he is being blown to pieces by a bomb, you yourself will be scattered into forty-seven pieces, one of which will land in Plainfield, where it will be put in a glass case and kept as a memento forever.

“There are two people on my right who are sending me the same thought, ‘Where shall I be next year?’ Your names are Cooney and Garretson. Well, Miss Cooney and Miss Garretson, you will both be together. A vision comes before me of a small room. You have just come in after your day’s work at your office. You are both sitting at a table together, sipping tea and eating grape-nuts. Around the floor lie seventeen cats. The wall is bare but for a large motto in a gilt frame, ‘Silence is Golden.’ This is your abiding place.

“Is there some one in the audience by the name of Freeman? Howard B. Freeman? Will he please stand? Now concentrate your mind on what you wish to know. Yes, that is right. I see it all now. You wish to know if you will ever graduate from Yale. Yes, you will graduate with high honors, and afterwards you will become the author of the ‘Pretty Girl Papers’ in the Ladies’ Home Journal.

“A name comes to me—Conover. You have written on your card, ‘Shall I ever marry?’ Yes, Mary, you will become the buxom wife of a well-to-do farmer and spend your days in your native town, New Market.

“Is there someone by the name of Bullock in the audience? Will she please stand? You are undecided whether to become an elocutionist or a hairdresser, are you not, Miss Bullock? You elocute impressively, but you will make your fortune in the hairdressing business. You have given proof of your ability to devise many and various styles of hair arrangement, and you will one day become world-renowned as a hairdresser.

“There is a lady on my left who has written on her card, ‘How may I increase my height?’ Her name is Bohan—Lena Bohan. Do not worry Lena. You are growing. You will some day be tall. Take physical culture; it will help you.

“Is there a man, Burr, in the audience? Hudson Burr? You are thinking, ‘Shall I always have to sell gum-drops and ink erasers to children down

at Harper's? Yes, Hudson, I see you an old man, handing out the same gum-drops and erasers to children of a future generation. But you will occasionally have a vacation, Hudson. I see you now drifting in a home-made canoe along a beautiful stream, Green Brook I believe it is.

"There is a person named Gardner trying to reach me with a thought wave. Hazel Gardner. You are asking me if you will ever sustain any violent accident. Yes—no—just wait a minute. No, you will be providentially rescued just as you are about to tip headlong from a pony cart. There are fourteen people occupying the pony cart, and a fifteenth is endeavoring to enter. The pony cart will not stand for it. There is a smash-up, but you are saved in the nick of time.

"A plump young person on my left is asking me if she will ever learn to get up early in the morning. Demarest is the name—Margaret Demarest. No, Margaret, I fear I can give you no encouragement. I see a vision of you hustling vainly through life, at last flying up the church aisle just ten minutes too late to the all important ceremony. You see your prospective husband, in disgust at your tardiness, wedding your prettiest bridesmaid.

"The name Todd comes next to me—Harold Todd. He has written on his card, 'How can I make my whiskers cease growing?' This is a rather unusual question, Mr. Todd, but I will answer it for you. It is the invigorating Fanwood air which causes this rapid growth. When you leave Fanwood, as you will before long, to join a troop of minstrel singers, you will find that you will no longer be troubled in this way.

"Who is the little man that is thinking, 'I wish she wouldn't see me?' It is Robert Rugen, is it not? Ah yes, Robert Rugen. Well, I do see you, Robert, and I will tell you what you will be doing next year, because you really want me to, although you do not like to say so. A flock of New York society belles will find you wandering about the streets and struck by your child-like beauty, they will bear you off to their club. You will become the pet and much-be-fondled favorite of all, and break all their hearts with your shy blushes and cunning smiles.

"There is a young woman in the audience who desires to ask me a question. Avis Aldrich—that is your name, I think. You wish to know how you can decrease your height about a foot. Ah, Avis, there I cannot help you. You should not have fastened your affections on a short stout man. I can only advise you to recommend the grow-taller treatment to him.

"A thought comes to me from one Antoinette. Aalholm is the last name, You have written on your card, 'Shall I always live in this slow town?' No, Antoinette, you will soon go to sunny France, the land of your dreams. I

see you now in a scarlet kimono lying on a couch writing love stories. A young Doctor comes. You write no more. I see you going to the altar, paste diamonds gleaming in your corsage and a white ostrich plume in your hair.

"Benjamin Herman writes, 'Shall I ever be rich?' Yes, Benjamin, you will have a large salary some day. You will become manager of the Plainfield Theatre.

"The name Dunham comes faintly to me. Bessie Dunham. She has written, 'Would you advise me to become a kindergarten teacher?' I should certainly advise you to take up this occupation, and I think you will, for I see you now teaching future Freshmen in the High School, where your good nature wins for you great popularity among the children. Your summer months you will spend posing for Mr. Mellen that he may use your picture in advertising his food.

"Is there some one on my right by the name of Rittenhouse. Will he please stand? You ask, 'Shall I ever grow up?' I fear, George, that you will always be a child. You will always tease the girls. But, never mind, one *Mann* in the family is sufficient.

"Is there some one on my right by the name of MacMurray—Christella MacMurray? You wish to know if you will ever be a school teacher. No, Christella, after you graduate from Barnard, you will go as missionary to the semi-barbarous people of Scotch Plains.

"There is a person on my left by the name of Hunter—Gertrude Hunter. She asks, 'What shall I do?' You will do many things, Gertrude. You will do the valedictory in a couple of days. You will do Barnard. After that you will become editor-in-chief of 'Hunter's Weekly Oracle.'

"A man named Whitney is sending me a question. Arthur is asking, 'Shall I ever be an admiral?' Yes, you will be rear admiral of the 'Mosquito Squadron.' One day you will be navigating in water over your head. You will fall overboard but you will be rescued by a string of hot dogs which the steward throws to you for a life preserver. You will float to a cannibal island, where the queen, struggling between her appetite and admiration, will at last, after finding that you are a talented actor, array you in a paper collar and bracelets and make you go through your role as Champagne.

"There is a young lady on my left who bears the name Ethel Murray. She has written on her card, 'Shall I go to school next year?' No, Ethel, you will not go to school, for you will realize that you have an important mission at home. You will spend your time in vainly trying to reform Grace Weeks. The task will be difficult, and you will soon begin to grow

pale and thin, until at last you expire in one of Grace's bear-like hugs, and die a martyr.

"Another thought comes to me from one Betty. Elizabeth Winter is her right name. She asks, 'Will it be profitable for me to write?' Oh, by all means, Elizabeth. I see your name now shining forth higher, brighter than that of Shakespeare. I see the revered bones of your worshipped body resting in Westminster Abbey, watched over by armed soldiers. I hear your praises sung in every tongue. I see your books read by kings, queens, nobles, peasants, everyone. To such heights will your fame carry you—and you a member of '06.

"There is a man Davis on my left—James Malcolm Davis. His thoughts are down among the visitors. He is thinking, 'Is she looking at me?' Of course she is looking at you. That is a very foolish question. Think of another and I will answer it for you. Yes, that is the way. You are concentrating your thoughts now. You are thinking, 'Am I blushing?' That question is too foolish, Mr. Davis, I will not answer it. You have one more chance. Oh, yes, I see now. You wish to know whether you will become a church singer or professional ball-player. You will do neither; you will succeed to the position of music teacher in the Plainfield High School.

"The name comes to me in a thought wave, Gavett—Joseph Gavett. Your thoughts seem to have gone in the direction of James Malcolm's. Bring them back, please. Yes, that is right. You wish to know what you will do after you graduate from Cornell. You will become an inventor, Joseph. You will invent an automatic fussing machine which will turn you in a large fortune, and win you world-wide fame.

"A name comes faintly to me. It looks like Antoinette Hill. Antoinette is thinking, 'Will Mrs. Fay say anything awful to me?' Of course I won't. There isn't anything awful to say. You will go to Barnard College. You will spend four quiet years there. You will come out with the same little smile you went in with, and the first thing you know you will be married.

"There is a young lady on my left by the name of Hallett, is there not? Your first name is May, and you wish to hear your future. Your career will be a varied one. You will first hold a position as typewriter to J. D. Your hasty tongue will get you in trouble, however, and you will retire to your farm in South Plainfield, where you will raise chickens for a living. Finally you will accept a position as instructor in United States and English History in South Plainfield University, where you will be very successful.

"H-e-a-u-m-e, Heaume. Is there anybody by that name? You have written on your card, 'Shall I be a successful physician?' You will not be successful, I fear. You will be expelled from the Medical College for dis-

turbing the students by midnight performances on your violin. You will set up a practice, however, and after killing eighty-six Yankees for saying that England is slow, you will seek refuge in your native land and write a stinging satire on the Yankees.

"The name Hill comes again to me—Bertha Celestine Hill. You are undecided whether to become a missionary or an actress, are you not, Bertha? After much meditation you will decide on the latter career. You will be the leading lady in 'The Nephew as Uncle.'

"There is a man on my left who is sending me the name of Palmer. He says, 'I want to be a prize-fighter.' You will be a prize-fighter, Leslie. You will run up against Bob Fitzsimmons and ruin him for life. However you will, in a contest with a certain Dexter Taylor, meet a crushing defeat.

"Eva Rogers—I will attend to you next, Eva. Did you wish to ask me something? It is odd, but I cannot seem to receive any thought waves from you. They are all mixed up with the name J-o-h-n. I shall have to wait until your mind is more composed, Eva.

"A name comes slowly to me,—Anna Shepard. She has written on her card, 'Shall I ever wake up?' Yes, Anna, you are slowly but surely awaking. 'o6 has done much for you. Holyoke will do the rest.

"Is there a person in the audience named St. John? Milton St. John? Yes, you have written on a piece of paper and hidden it in your left boot, 'Shall I ever become rich beyond the dreams of avarice?' Yes, Milton, you will some day be a lordly bond-holder and have a mansion in the most fashionable quarter of Bull-Frog City. You will be pursuing the life of an obscure engineer when you will be appointed to build a railroad in Tim-buctoo. The king of that land will become so charmed with you that he will make you marry his fourteen buxom daughters. You will bring them back and have them educated in the Plainfield High School.

"Some one is asking me, 'Shall I ever cross the ocean?' Louise Ricketts is the name. I think you will travel to Germany very soon in your ardent pursuit of an elusive German verb, and there you will become the wife of a German butcher who has made his fortune in the manufacture of hot dogs.

"Some one is timidly questioning me on my right. Don't be afraid, Miss Sawyer. Stand right up. You want to know how you will exist when you no longer have to study until three in the morning. Cheer up, Alice, when you have read all the books in the library six times, and mastered all the arts and sciences, you will become assistant teacher in Senior English in the Plainfield High School.

"A name comes to me now from my left. Ruth Thompson. Ruth asks where she will be next year. You will be teaching little copper-colored Indians in Carlisle Institute. You will adopt sixteen of them and bring them up according to the rules you learned at P. H. S.

"H-o-r-t-o-n, Horton. You have written, 'How does Blanktown exist without me?' Very well, I think, Miriam. The town pump is still there and the farmers still hitch their horses behind the Baptist Church, as they did when you were there. Si Brown is chewing hay on the cracker barrel and Farmer Jones is telling how he used to raise onions when he was a boy. Don't worry, Miriam, Blanktown is still there.

"Just wait a moment—your name is Jones, Joseph Jones. You wish to know if you will ever be famous. O yes, after making a large fortune by performing in the minstrels at the Carnival, you will become impressed by the frivolity of your existence, and start in the evangelist business, at which you will make a great name for yourself.

"The name now comes before me, Big Beeze. Is there such a character in the audience? You ask, 'Shall I ever be an angel?' Oh, I cannot describe the visions which come before me. I smell brimstone and Durham tobacco, I see you in partnership with the Evil One, sharpening pitchforks and shovelling. O, I cannot describe. I see no more—I see no more—" (Mrs. Fay faints and thus ends the performance.)

Class Songs

'06

TUNE.—"Robinson Crusoe's Isle."

We intend to relate to you

Of adventures, just one or two.

Listen attentively and you'll hear and you'll see

Many things that are strange and true.

Yes, a fine class we've always been;

In all contests with ease we win.

For in numbers we're great and to enumerate

Our perfections we'll now begin.

CHORUS.

Dear Naughty Six, we're staunch and true,
Ever we'll loyal be to you,
Striving our very best to do,

Colors a-flying, courage undying.
 Just so we'll come out all life through,
 Proud of our class and high school, too.
 'Rah for the Orange and the Blue!
 'Rah for the Orange and the Blué!

In athletics we hold our own,
 In dramatics we stand alone,
 And that melody clear which in Glee Club you hear,
 Is a Simon-pure Naughty Six tone.
 In debate we're all to the good,
 You should hear us, you really should.
 And in scholarship we are as wise as can be,
 At the top we have always stood.—Ahem!

(*Chorus.*)

Our poor teachers will miss us so!
 We regret that we have to go;
 And we trust that next year Seniors close will adhere
 To the precepts that we've tried to show.
 Of that library make good use,
 Of its freedom prevent abuse;
 Just a model class be (merely emulate we,)
 And a joy to the heart of—our principal.

(*Chorus.*)

So farewell, au revoir, good bye,
 As all others have done we'll try
 To depart now with grace, and to others give place,—
 Yes, we don't wonder that you sigh.
 May we never our High School's praise,
 From our true, loyal hearts erase;
 May it ever be bright, make us cling to the right.
 Now one last rousing cheer we'll raise.

(*Chorus.*)

E. C. W.

The behaviour of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.—*Ex.*



Photo by Langhorne.
"DRIVE SO THE HORSES STEAM."



Photo by Langhorne.
"LEAVE US ALONE, SOPHIE."

Give Our Regards to High School

NOW that 1906 is graduating from the old Plainfield High,
 And the time has come for us to say a final, sad good-bye,
 We remember all the jolly times we've had day after day,
 And we think with a sigh
 Of the four years gone by,
 As we parting say:

CHORUS.

Give our regards to High School,
 Remember us to Thirty-four ;
 Tell all the members of '07
 We won't sting them any more.
 Whisper of how we're yearning
 To play again the old-time tricks,—
 Give our regards to Plainfield High,
 And don't forget old 1906.

We have tried to be for Alma Mater strong and brave and true,
 And we always have been loyal to the good old Red and Blue,—
 We have honored and upheld her glorious name through thick and thin,
 We have tried with our might
 All her battles to fight,
 And we've fought to win.

CHORUS.

Give our regards, etc.

We have spent some happy times together through the years now gone—
 We are sorry we must separate to enter life alone ;
 But we'll ever be united with a strong and lasting tie,
 For we'll always be true
 To the Orange and Blue,
 And to Plainfield High.

CHORUS.

Give our regards, etc.

GERTRUDE L. HUNTER.

Senior Class Statistics

Most Popular,	Neatest,
Stuart Freeman, Louise Klein.	George Rittenhouse, Katherine Garretson.
Handsomest,	Jolliest,
Harold Todd, Anna Shepard.	Benjamin Herman, Anna Rafferty.
Best Natured,	Greatest Fusser,
Benjamin Herman, Bessie Dunham.	Joe Gavett, Sadie Coyle.
Bigest Bluffer,	Greatest Jollier,
Philip Leichtentritt, Louise Klein.	George Rittenhouse, Sadie Coyle.
Best All-Round Boy,	Best Mannered Boy,
Stuart Freeman.	Clarence Victor Heaume.
Best All-Round Girl,	Best Mannered Girl,
Gertrude Hunter.	Hazel Gardner.
Hardest to Rattle,	Most Likely to Marry,
Leslie Palmer, Louise Klein.	Hudson Burr, Ethel Boice.
“E-Z”-iest Mark,	Least Likely to Marry,
Mary Conover, Clarence Heaume.	Russell Stryker, Ruth Bullock.
Meekest,	Most Likely to Succeed,
Robbie Rugen, Antoinette Hill, Katherine Garretson.	Abe Rubenstein, Gertrude Hunter.
Most Athletic,	Most Musical,
Stuart Freeman, Gertrude Hunter.	Stuart Freeman, Avis Aldrich.
Most Original,	Biggest Grind,
Stuart Freeman, Louise Ricketts.	Russell Stryker, Alice Sawyer.
Done Most for P. H. S.,	Best Dancer,
Stuart Freeman, Gertrude Hunter.	Malcolm Davis, Ethel Sawyer.
Done Most for 1906,	Most Executive Ability,
Benjamin Herman, Louise Klein.	Benjamin Herman, Gertrude Hunter, Louise Klein.
Faculty Rusher,	Most Graceful,
Joe Gavett,	Milton St. John, Miriam Horton.
Faculty Pet,	Most Fascinating,
Antoinette Aalholm.	Howard Freeman, Louise Klein.
Best Actor,	
Arthur Whitney.	
Best Actress,	
Elizabeth Winter.	

Most Slender,	Malcolm Davis, Lena Bohan.	Most Devoted, Hudson Burr, Ethel Boice.
Heaviest,	Leslie Palmer, Antoinette Aalholm.	Most Dignified, Russell Stryker, Florence Cooney.
Fairest,	Howard Freeman, Lillian Demarest.	Most Easily Fussed, Clarence Heaume, Eva Rogers.
Biggest Butt-in,	Joe Jones,	Most Talkative, Phil. Leichtentritt, Margaret Demarest.
Shortest,	Robbie Rugen, Christella MacMurray.	Wittiest, Elizabeth Winter, Benjamin Herman.
Tallest,	Stuart Freeman, Lena Bohan.	Most Frivolous, Eva Rogers, Howard Freeman.
Biggest Tease,	Rittenhouse.	Biggest Appetite, Harold Todd, Kate Huntington.
Quietest,	Russell Stryker, Antoinette Hill.	Most Hot Air, Philip Leichtentritt, Sadie Coyle.
Biggest Feet,	Malcolm Davis, May Hallett.	Most Artistic, Ruth Thompson, Ellen Ulrich, Russell Stryker.
Most Bashful,	Robbie Rugen, Antoinette Hill.	Biggest Flirt, Louise Klein, Malcolm Davis.
Most Happy-Go-Lucky,	Stuart Freeman, Louise Klein.	Biggest Grafter, Bertha Hill, Howard Freeman.
Worst Knocker,	George Rittenhouse, Avis Aldrich.	

SPRING POEM.

From the Spring poor Willie had to
Water fetch each morn and night.
Willie, to escape this labor,
Blew it up with dynamite.

What they now would do for water
Willie did not know nor care;
For his heart was glad within him,
For the spring was in the air.

Ex.

The Angels

THREE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where all this sainted band
Will be some day.
Won't you be sorry then,
When we're far from human ken?
You'll wish us back again—
And then you'll say:

"They were a model class,
We must confess;
Too virtuous, alas!
For P. H. S.
So upward they did go,
For the good die young, you know.
How we miss them here below!
Well, I just guess!"

Angels we are indeed,
There is no doubt;
Our budding wings, give heed,
E'en start to sprout.
Just one wee while we'll stay,
Some few cheering words to say;
Then we must flit away,—
So hear us out.

Now take a long farewell,
Ere we must fly.
Our fate we can't foretell,
But do not sigh.
You'll hear from us some day,
All done up in bright array,
Pink clouds, and harps to play,—
Oh me, oh my.

E. C. W.



Photo by Langhorne.

CAST OF "THE NEPHEW AS UNCLE."

School Notes

The Senior Play

ON May 29th, the Senior class presented one of Schillers' comedies, "The Nephew as Uncle." Full of amusing situations from start to finish, the comedy was well acted. The whole cast showed the effects of careful and efficient drilling, for which, as the class of 1906, we wish to express our appreciation to Mr. S. B. Howe, Miss S. Lena Bass, and Miss Addie Parker Jackson.

The following is the cast of characters:

Col. Dorsigny	George Rittenhouse
Mme. Dorsigny	Elizabeth Winter
Sophie	Bertha Hill
Francis Dorsigny	Mr. Howe
M. Lormetuil	Howard Freeman
Mme. Mirville	Louise Klein
Valcour	Milton St. John
Champagne	Arthur Whitney
Jasmin	Robert Rugen
1st Sub. Officer	A. Hugo Rubenstein
2d Sub. Officer	Clarence Heaume
Notary	Hudson Burr
Postilion	Milton St. John

Owing to Joe Gavett's serious accident, Mr. Howe took his part as voting Dorsigny, and was particularly clever. George Rittenhouse as the irascible old uncle was also excellent.

Gentle little Sophie was well portrayed by Bertha Hill.

Elizabeth Winter as Mme. Dorsigny called forth applause by her really exceptional acting in the quarrel scene with her husband.

Mme. Mirville, the peacemaker, was highly amusing.

Valcour and young Lormenil were typical French gallants, gay and debonair.

Many a hearty laugh was called forth by honest but erring Champagne and by the intoxicated postilion.

Annual Concert

ON Thursday evening, June 7, the annual school concert was held. A very attractive program had been arranged and all the numbers were well rendered. The assisting artists were Mr. G. Morgan Stricklett, tenor, of the Lotus Glee Club, and Mrs. Allston, soprano. Mr. Stricklett is very well known here, and was enthusiastically greeted. He sang his old favorite, "The Four-Leaved Clover." Mrs. Allston pleased the audience very much by her delightful songs. The High School Orchestra and Mandolin and Banjo Clubs, and the Glee Club received loud applause for their excellent work.

To the audience one of the striking features of the concert was that all the numbers were really good and often classical music.

Program:

1. High School Orchestra—Selected.	
2. a. Country Fair Waltzes	Abbt
b. "The Red Cross Knight"	Callcott
c. "The Three Chafer's"	Anon
HIGH SCHOOL.	
3. a. "Hey Laddie, Hark!"	Hadley
b. "Where are you going, my pretty maid"	Caldicott
GLEE CLUB.	
4. a. "Obstination"	Fontanelles
b. "Lorna"	Newton
MR. STRICKLETT.	
5. Unison Songs	
a. "Largo"	Handel
b. "The Lost Chord"	Sullivan
HIGH SCHOOL.	
6. "Springtide"	Becker
MRS. ALLSTON.	
7. a. Pantomime Dance	Haines
b. "Kaloola"	
HIGH SCHOOL BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUB.	
8. a. Blue Danube Waltzes	Strauss
b. "All Through the Night"	Owen
c. "A Merry Life"	Denza
HIGH SCHOOL.	
9. "The Mariners"	Randegger
GLEE CLUB.	



Photo by Langhorne.

"I'LL MAKE YOU DANCE, YOU RASCAL."

10.	"Evening Hymn" (Tenor obligato by Mr. Stricklett)	Reinecke
	HIGH SCHOOL.	
11.	<i>a.</i> "Slave Song" <i>b.</i> "Since We Parted"	<i>Del Riego</i> <i>Allitsen</i>
	MRS. ALLSTON.	
12.	<i>a.</i> "O Thou Whose Power" (Moses in Egypt) <i>b.</i> "Pilgrims' Chorus"	<i>Rossini</i> <i>Wagner</i>
	HIGH SCHOOL.	

The High School Chorus was assisted by Mrs. Edith M. Allston, dramatic soprano; Mr. G. Morgan Stricklett, tenor; the High School Orchestra; the High School Glee Club; the High School Banjo and Mandolin Club; Mr. Charles L. Lewis, conductor, and Miss Mabel Maxson, pianist.

The Debating Society

THE Debating Society has held several formal and many informal debates during the past year. At the final business meeting on June 7, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, George H. Fisher, Jr.; Vice-President, Horace E. Vail; Secretary, Cornelia L. Lounsbury; Treasurer, Orlando H. Lounsbury. The final meeting of the society was held on Monday, June 11, when the members, their friends, and the Faculty gathered for a social time. Miss Katherine Ball, one of our former teachers, gave an interesting talk on the San Francisco calamity. Refreshments were served and all greatly enjoyed the meeting. The members feel that during the past year they have greatly improved in their ability to debate and that the practice has been of value to them. All are looking forward to a successful year for the society in 1907, and look forward eagerly to the time when they may engage in interscholastic debating. Much of the improvement in the society has been due to the kind and faithful services of the critic, Miss Lock.

According to the precedent of a number of years, Chancellor Henry M. McCracken, of New York University, has sent to the principal of the Plainfield High School two prize scholarships, one good for four years' tuition in the New York University College of Arts and Pure Sciences, the other good for the Freshman year's tuition in the New York University School of Applied Science. These scholarships are worth respectively \$400 and \$125. The condition of reward requires that the students who receive them must rank in the first third of the graduating class.

These scholarships have been awarded to Milton St. John and Clarence Heaume.

The Junior Play

“**A** PROPOSAL Under Difficulties,” given by the Junior Class, Saturday evening, April 28, scored another success for them and for the school. It was the old, old story of two men and a girl, but was acted under exceedingly interesting, and slightly new circumstances. Each player seemed particularly well chosen for his part. The entertainment opened with a selection by the High School Orchestra, followed by a pantomime rendering of Lowell’s famous poem, “The Courtin’.”

Paul Brakeley as “Huldy” cuddled lovingly into Roy Dutcher’s (Zekie’s) arms, and Cornelia Lounsbury made a fine “Ma.” The reader was Miss Elizabeth Pound.

The third number consisted of several selections by our Male Quartette, comprising Messrs. Davis, Flanders, Gideon and Guion Fountain. Then came the play itself, a perfect example of High School ability.

Mildred E. Berry, as “Dorothy Andrews,” a young and pretty New York girl, showed admirable coolness under the strain of various mishaps and two proposals. Miss Berry was charmingly herself in the part.

Joseph N. Van Deventer, as “Robert Yardsley,” the accepted suitor, held the attention of all from first to last. He needed no *acting* to be natural in semi-saucy repartee; and, although he claims that this was his “first proposal,” he had the melodramatic tones of an “old stager,”—at least of the kind we “hear of in books.”

Frederick M. Smith, as “Jack Barlow,”—more formal and more self confident than “Yardsley,” took his part well, mingling the air of a discarded lover with the spirit of a true sportsman. He showed admirably with what good grace a man may accept a bad defeat.

The part of “Jennie,” the maid, who caused all the trouble by misinterpreting the proposal not intended for herself, was acted by Helen C. Johnson, who carried the part through with marked success. She wept most naturally.

A neatly labelled specimen of “Hicks,” the pugilistic coachman, turned up at the finish in the person of Samuel Reid, Jr.

Much credit is due Miss Gilbert and Miss Howard, who so carefully and patiently trained the cast. The business end was ably cared for by William Doullass and Weston Gavett,—men reliable enough to take a “Message to Garcia.”

Dancing followed till ten-thirty, so closing a jolly evening.



Photo by Langhorne.

"YOU'VE MADE A CONQUEST, SISTER."

Friday morning, April 17, Mr. Frank Lock addressed the school on the subject of Fire Insurance. Mr. Lock is the American manager of the Atlas Insurance Company and understands thoroughly every branch of the business. In a most interesting and comprehensive way he explained the object of insurance, how a company is managed, and the method of carrying on the business.

A very interesting talk was given Friday morning, May 4, by Dr. F. C. Ard, one of our well-known physicians, on the subject of Tuberculosis. Dr. Ard explained the nature of the disease and told something of the method of treating it. He also stated that Tuberculosis is curable and told of the national movement for its prevention.

Mr. Charles Battell Loomis, the well known American humorist, entertained the school for over an hour on Friday morning, May 23. Assuming a solemn, dejected expression, he read in a comical drawl, with a change of voice and dialect which called before the hearers' minds vivid pictures of the different characters. Mr. Loomis concluded with "Poe's Raven in an Elevator."

On Tuesday morning, May 29, exercises appropriate to Memorial Day were held. The feature of these exercises was an address by the Rev. Frank Fletcher, of New Market. Mr. Fletcher was engaged in some of the most exciting battles of the Civil War, and very vividly brought before our minds scenes at Gettysburg, on the March to the Sea, and some of the privations experienced in the prisons.

When the school saw Mr. F. H. Andrews seated on the platform Friday morning, June 1, they expected a stirring speech and they were in no way disappointed. Mr. Andrews spoke particularly to the Seniors, and gave them some good advice on how to act when they get out into the world. He said that we may not always be noticed by the "grand stand" in our "playing," except when we knock a "home run," but it is the steady "playing" that counts.

The school listened to a very interesting speech on Friday morning, June 8, by General Charles H. Howard, of Chicago. General Howard, although once a strenuous fighter, has since the Civil War devoted his time to peace and arbitration, on which he spoke. He told of the International Conference and of its work and aim, while invoking the interest and enthusiasm of the school in his subject. General Howard would have us change the motto: "In time of peace prepare for war" to "In time of peace prepare for permanent peace."

Athletics

P. H. S., 5; JERSEY CITY H. S., 0.

Our baseball team defeated the team of the Jersey City High School on Saturday, April 28, by the score of 5-0. High School made but one error, J. C. H. S. making three. S. Freeman pitched a good game for P. H. S., striking out nine men and allowing but two hits.

P. H. S., 7; N. P. H. S., 4.

On Thursday, May 10, P. H. S. played the North Plainfield High School team. The result was a victory for P. H. S. with a score of 7-4. S. Freeman struck out fifteen men and allowed but three hits. Peacock, of N. P. H. S., also pitched an excellent game. P. H. S. in team work were not up to their usual standard.

P. H. S., 8; LEAL'S, 5.

On Wednesday, May 16, our baseball team defeated our old rivals of Leal's School by a score of 8-5. S. Freeman pitched his usual good game, striking out fourteen men.

P. H. S., 10; RUTGER'S PREP., 2.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 18, our baseball team journeyed to New Brunswick and defeated the Rutger's Prep. team by the score of 10-2. P. H. S. played well as a team and the Prep. boys were unable to connect with Freeman's curves, only two hits being made. Besides errors at critical times, the opposing team were greatly responsible for the victory of P. H. S.

P. H. S., 5; N. P. H. S., 7.

On Saturday, May 26, our baseball team was defeated by the team of the North Plainfield High School. This was the first time in five or six years a P. H. S. baseball team was beaten by a N. P. H. S. team. Freeman pitched a good game for the P. H. S., but was poorly supported, eight errors being made. Peacock, of N. P. H. S., played a fine game.

P. H. S., 1; RUTGERS PREP., 0.

On June 2, rain stopped the P. H. S.-Rutgers Prep. game in the fourth inning. Score, 1-0.

P. H. S., 10; RAHWAY H. S., 4.

On Wednesday, June 6, the team of the Rahway H. S. came here to play ball against P. H. S. Incidentally they were defeated; score 10-4.



Photo by Langhorne.

BASEBALL TEAM.

Mahaffey was in the box for P. H. S. and distinguished himself by striking out fourteen men and allowing but four hits. Brown, Rahway's slab artist, was at the mercy of the batters of the Red and Blue, who secured twelve hits from his delivery, four of them being good for two bases.

P. H. S., 6; N. P. H. S., 1.

On Friday, June 8, our base-ball team "clinched" the city interscholastic championship by defeating the team of the North Plainfield High School. Score, 6-1. Mahaffey pitched a good game, allowing but one hit. The N. P. H. S. boys were "rattled" in the last part of the game and went to pieces.

Review of the Athletic Season

The annual field meet of the P. H. S. was held at the Driving Park on October 24. There was great interest manifested and each event was hotly contested. The class of 1908 won the class championship and Philip Smith the individual medal.

Our football season was the most successful one P. H. S. has ever known, owing greatly to the good work of Mr. Best as coach, and Captain Douglas. The team played thirteen games without a single defeat and left only one tie undecided. This was with Perth Amboy High School with whom it was impossible to arrange another game. Moreover our team defeated the team of Rutgers Preparatory School, this being the first time we have ever scored a victory over them in football.

P. H. S. was unable to have a hockey team on account of the weather. But one practice was held.

The basketball team also deserves great credit for the past season's work. A great many games were played and the city interscholastic championship was captured.

The indoor interscholastic meet was held February 24. The teams competing represented the Cranford, Westfield, and Plainfield High Schools. Here again P. H. S. shone forth, winning the cup, with Westfield a close second.

The baseball team this year showed an entirely new line up. The battery was changed, but the games were all interesting and most of them victories.

Following is the result of this year's games:

BASKETBALL.

Winners of the Y. M. C. A. Cup for the scholastic championship of Plainfield.

THE ORACLE.

P. H. S. vs. Y. M. C. A.....	Lost 47—16
" vs. Business Men.....	Won 35—18
" vs. Y. M. C. A., II.....	Won 30—14
" vs. Ex-Whittiers.....	Won 46—4
" vs. Wanamassa.....	Won 36—31
" vs. Plainfield Consld.....	Won 34—28
" vs. Hasbrouck Ins.....	Won 60—16
" vs. N. P. H. S.....	Won 43—0
" vs. Wanamassa.....	Won 28—26
" vs. Montclair H. S.....	Lost 32—21
" vs. Leal's.....	Won 50—5
" vs. Business Men.....	Won 29—10
" vs. Y. M. C. A.....	Lost 30—21
" vs. N. P. H. S.....	Won 56—6
" vs. Ex-Scholastic.....	Won 56—14
" vs. Leal's.....	Won 33—18
" vs. Wanamassa.....	Won 43—16

THE TEAM.

R. F., Smith, captain; L. F., Collier; C., S. Freeman; R. G., H. Freeman, Line; L. G., Doane, Caldwell.

BASEBALL.

P. H. S. vs. Rahway H. S., April 11.....	Won 5—0
" vs. DeWitt Clinton, April 13.....	Lost 6—7
" vs. Commercial H. S., April 14.....	Lost 5—7
" vs. Camp Bowser, April 17.....	Lost 0—8
" vs. Montclair H. S., April 21.....	Won 8—0
" vs. Leal's, April 25.....	Won 18—1
" vs. Jersey City H. S., April 28.....	Won 5—0
" vs. North Plainfield H. S., May 10.....	Won 7—4
" vs. Leal's, May 16.....	Won 8—5
" vs. Rutger's Prep., May 18.....	Won 10—2
" vs. North Plainfield H. S., May 26.....	Lost 5—7
" vs. Rutger's Prep., June 1.....	Won 1—0
" vs. Rahway H. S., June 6.....	Won 10—4
" vs. North Plainfield H. S., June 8.....	Won 6—1

During the recent illness of Mr. Howe, his classes have been ably cared for by Miss Katherine Ball, a member of the High School Faculty who has returned from a year's vacation. The whole school was glad to greet Miss Ball.



Photo by Langhorne.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1905.

Alumni

'80. Mr. Franklin S. Smith, M. S., one of our former Faculty, who is the secretary of the P. H. S. Alumni Association, visited our School Thursday, May 17.

'90. Miss Marion D. Woodcock was married to Dr. Frank T. Clawson, D. D. S., P. H. S., '86, by Rev. Charles L. Goodrich, Thursday, May 3.

'01. Miss Madeline Evans and Mrs. Pierrepont B. Foster (Miss Elizabeth Bowen) P. H. S., '01, of New Haven, Conn., visited our school May 4.

'03. Frederick T. Van Auken, our old High School twirler, is pitching great ball for Annapolis Navy Academy. He shut the Carlisle Indians out with no hits and no runs.

'03. Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Miss Emily Grant Kelsey to Nathan Lane, Jr., on June 7, in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Lane is a former resident of Plainfield and is a graduate of the Plainfield High School in the class of 1903.

'03. Hervey K. Doane will graduate from Rutgers this month. While at College he has received many honors, one of which was that at an annual drill exhibition, Captain Doane was pronounced a finely drilled soldier, and his name was sent to the War Department for entrance on the army register as fitted for the regular army.

'05. Miss Edna Florence Derby, salutatorian of last year's graduating class, died on Monday, May 14, at Middletown, New York. Miss Derby was an exceedingly bright young woman, dearly loved by all, and she seemed to have a future full of promise.

A Ballad by Robbie

THE stars are just as impolite
As anything could be;
They look in through the window-pane
At night and wink at me.

Last night they made me awful mad,—
I hate them doing that;
So I yelled right out loud: “Hey, there!
It’s me you’re winkin’ at.”

Then pa and ma came running in,
 And mamma said she knew
 That I was ill and had a chill,
 And maybe nightmare, too.

And I just let 'em think 'twas that,—
 But when I said my prayers,
 I added: "Please, Lord, tell your stars
 To mind their own affairs."

G., '06.

Exchanges

The following exchanges have arrived since our last number: *Acropolis*, *Acta Divina*, *Amherst Student*, *Brunonian*, *The School Bulletin*, *The Bulletin* (Montclair), *Clarion*, *The Dial*, *H. S. Echo* (Perth Amboy), *H. S. Echo* (Nashville), *Horace Mann Record*, *The Herald*, *Hasbrouck Sphinx*, *H. S. News*, *The Lealonian*, *Legenda*, *Mirror*, *Oracle* (Englewood), *The Owl*, *The Premier*, *Poly Prep. Magazine*, *Pen Charter Magazine*, *Riverview Student*, *The Spectator*, *The Student*, *The Salute*, *Snap Shots*, *Tuskegee Student*, *Trinity Tripod*, *Tattler*, *Tome*, *Valkyrie*, *Vail-Dean Budget*, *Williams Record*, *Wesleyan Argus*.

The Poly Prep. Magazine always holds its own and is rarely, if ever, surpassed by any other of our exchanges.

Prof.—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"
 Pupil—"It was built in the time of famine."—*Ex.*

"Now then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your power is gone, then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

Scene—Small wayside station; train approaching: Sandy (to his master)—"Here's yer train, sir."

Master (who has his own ideas about correct speech)—"That's not my train, but rather the train I'm going by."

But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by, but it's the ane that's gane by you!"—*Ex.*

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THE ORACLE.

The exchange editor may scratch a pen,
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
But someone's sure to remark, with a jest,
"Rats, how stale! I've heard that before."

Ex.

Indefinitely one by one,
In the note books of the teachers,
Blossom the little zeros,
And forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

Ex.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can make ourselves a pest,
And departing leave behind us
Feelings of relief and rest.

Ex.

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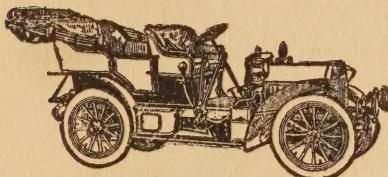
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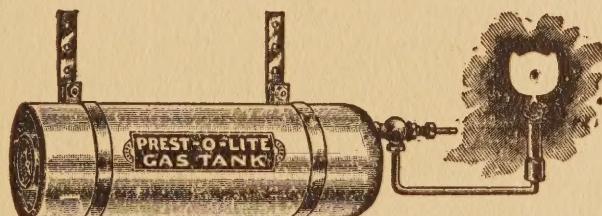
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